

X Maclellan (H. / K

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THE
INVENTORY,

(A Whimsical Moral PIECE)

Or, An ANSWER to

A kind Friend's enquiring *Letter*.

Wrote after the MANNER (Triplets excepted) of

HUDIBRASTICK VERSE.

With some other occasional PIECES, *viz.*

The RAPTURED LOVER.

On first seeing CÆLIA.

To CÆLIA at her TOILET.

ADVICE to CÆLIA when at
CHURCH.

A Humorous EPITAPH, on
WILLIAM HALL, a Blacksmith.

A HYMN, in Imitation of the
CANTICLE—*Omnia Opera Domini
Benedicite.*

The WISH.

On CHARITY.

On CONTENT.

On RURAL SIMPLICITY.

A HYMN of THANKSGIVING to
the DEITY, on the unexpected Re-
covery of a dear FRIEND from a late
most dangerous Illness.

*Intactis opulentior
Theauris Arabum, & Divitis Indice,
Cæmentis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis & Mare * Apulicum:
Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus dira Necessitas
Clavos, non Animum metu,
Non Mortis laqueis expedit Caput.*

HOR. Ode 24. Lib. III.

* Aut Ponticum.

Thus translated by Mr. CREECH.

Tho' Thou had all the Spice and Gold
Arabia sweats, and the rich Indies hold;
Tho' You extend Your Palaces
O'er the Tyrrhene and Pontick Seas;
When strong Necessity
Shall fix her adamantine Hooks on Thee,
When she shall drag away
The trembling melancholy Prey,
Not all Thy Wealth shall save
Thy Mind from Fear, or Body from the Grave.

*Maclellan (if wanted) may be heard of at
m^r. James Hall's, Taylor in Rosemary Lane*



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To the P U B L I C.

I Pleasingly persuade myself, that the Insignificance of the Writer will sufficiently serve to screen the following Pieces from (perhaps) the deserved Lash of severe Criticism; especially, as they are published not with the pompous presumptive Opinion of gaining Applause as an Author, but with the humble interested Hope of receiving Reward as an Indigent; together with want of sufficient Time for thorough Digestion, or even enough to attempt the Correction of Errors. But *Jacta est Alea*, I say as *Cæsar* said when he past the *Rubicon*;—The Die is thrown, and Fortune decide the Chance.—— My present Circumstances being far from good, I sat down to try if my Brain was capable of producing any Thing that might relieve 'em, and I hope my Labour will succeed.—— Idleness is most certainly a Vice, a propagating Vice, and often begets even one of the blackest of Crimes, *INGRATITUDE*: How came *Egistus* to grow adulterate? The Finish of the Verse answers that Question fully in two Words, *Desidiosus erat*: He was idle. It may perhaps be remark'd by some Persons that I have prepar'd but an odd Kind of Banquet, by jumbling Serious, Whimsical, and Solemn, all together; but I hope it will be a sufficient Defence to say in Answer, That I wrote with Design to please, if I cou'd, the Many; and therefore thought it was highly necessary (for my own Sake) to have some little Variety, a Scrap for each different Taste; for a Person who keeps a public Ordinary, is not to provide only Dishes to please immediately Himself, or Two or Three Particulars, but must consult the various Palates of his various Guests. That this Attempt may meet the Favour and Protection of the Public (as I have

have now great Reason to believe it will) is the desir'd Wish
of Him, who begs Leave to subscribe Himself, its already
Much obliged, and

Most obedient humble Servant,

HENRY MACLELLAN.

Of those few Fools who with ill Stars are curst,
Sure scribbling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the worst ;
For They're a Sort of Fools which Fortune makes,
And after She has made 'em Fools, forsakes.

CONGREVE.

Yet, (*Per Contra*) in my own Favour-----

-----*Lusus Animo debent aliquando dari,*

Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.

PHÆDR. Fab. 14. Lib. III.

July ——— 1755

The following Pieces are most humbly
Dedicated to the Ladies, Gentlemen,
and other worthy Inhabitants of the
Town of Liverpool; by their already
Much obliged, &
most obedient Servant

Henry Maclellan

The Aim and Design of the Writer in the following Piece was, to draw moral Conclusions from most simple and trivial Circumstances; and to make the Whole most whimsically rational.

The INVENTORY,

(A Whimfical Moral PIECE)

Or, AN ANSWER to a kind Friend's enquiring Letter.

Cantabit vacuus coram Latrone Viator.

*Nil habet Paupertas durius in Se,
Quam quod ridiculos Homines facit,*

Juv. Sat. III. 152.

DEAR FRIEND,

IN answer to your last kind Letter,
(How fain wou'd I repay it better)
These few dull Lines I send to greet you,
'Ware Criticism I entreat you;
You fain wou'd know what Friends I meet,
Where spend my Time, how oft' I eat?
Hard Questions these to answer truly,
I often eat, tho' not quite duly;

B

With

With an old Friend I dine To-day,
 But where To-morrow cannot say ;
 " No matter where," was * RICHARD's Cry,
 For live we must until we die ;
 To-morrow for it self take Care,
 For each new Morn' is t'other's Heir.
 As to the Mourning which you mention,
 I once indeed had such Intention,
 But to divulge a Secret, that
 To keep wou'd not encrease my Fat ;
 I find on Scrutiny more nice,
 (There's Service oft' in thinking twice) .
 I cannot Friend afford to purchase
 A Suit of fable for my Carcase,
 And that I know you'll own's a hard Case ;
 But Taylors oft' are clam'rous Things,
 And must be paid as well as Kings.
 My Wardrobe on my Back I carry,
 Yet cannot boast a strong Back marry ;
 I've none in Closet, Press, or Chest,
 So consequently wear my best :
 Peruse the following, I'll be sworn,
 You'll say I've Cause indeed to mourn ;
 An Inventory here I send you,
 To shew how Fortune does befriend me.---

* Vide *Shakespear's Richard the III*d.

I'll e'en begin at th'upper End,
 And so by just Degrees descend,
 And that is easier far you know,
 Than upward to attempt to go;
 It is a beaten well-known Road,
 By hapless Numbers often trod,
 Who Carrier's-Horse-like, hit the Way
 As well i'th' darkeſt Night as Day.
 Kind Inſtinct guides the Brute Creation,
 The Lanthorn of their Preſervation;
 Th'Index pointing to each Creature
 The ſalutary Paths of Nature:
 But Man, the "Beaſt of Reaſon," will
 Purſue His own All-knowing Skill!
 And by that Ignis Fatuus Dire,
 Oft's led and left in Quags of Mire,
 Where ſtruggling to get free in vain,
 His Labour ſtill rewards His Pain.----
 Firſt, Pardon aſk'd for this Digreſſion,
 I'll e'en proceed to full Confeſſion,
 And openly at once reveal
 My Furniture from Head to Heel;
 E'en from ‡ *Sutura Coronalis*,
 Down to the § *Pedis Transverſalis*:

‡ *Sutura Coronalis*, or the *Coronal ſuture* is (in Anatomy) the *Suture* or *Cloſing* of the Skull at the very Top of the Head, like, in Form, to the Teeth of two Saws ſet one into another.

§ *Transverſalis Pedis* (in Anatomy) is a Muſcle whoſe Office is to bring towards the great Toe the Toe that is next to it.

And stick as near to Truth by th'Way,
 As Modesty allows to say.----
 To hide one Head, one Hat will do,
 'Twere needless therefore to have two ;
 A Hat I have---but wond'rous shabby,
 Corners fring'd out, and Sides grown scabby ;
 (Stays, Loop, and Button, are no more,
 And Lining all to Pieces tore,
 With Cracks behind, and eke before)
 That in a drenching Show'r doth give
 Kind shelter like to any Sieve ----
 My Wig that cou'd with most compare,
 Can scarcely boast one crooked Hair ;
 So mean you'd not accept it gratis,
 Not well-made Chandler's Ware more strait is,
 And such the Cov'ring of my Pate is :
 Without abusive using Tongue ill,
 In short, 'tis fit for nought but Dunghill ;
 Or to be hung in Field of Grain,
 To fright away the pilf'ring Train.
 A bad Beginning you'll confess,
 But farther hear you'll wonder less.---
 My only Coat, once, Saxon Blue,
 Cameleon-like hath chang'd it's Hue !
 For want o'th'Taylor to repair rent,
 'Tis grown at Arm-pits quite transparent ;

Malicious

Malicious Time's destructive Fell-blows,
 Have likewise thresh'd it out at Elbows :
 'Tis said True Blue will never stain tho',
 Yet mine's the Portrait of the Rainbow ;
 Thus envious Blasts of Wind and Rain,
 Have prov'd that e'en True Blue will stain.---
 My Waistcoat's Gloss, that once cou'd vie
 With Tincture of the † *Tyrian* Dye !
 Now's pale as Patient during Vomit,
 And ev'ry bit of Nap gone from it ;
 My Breeches to^o'th' self same Stuff,
 Have bore their Share in each Rebuff,
 Lost all their former bright Emblazure !
 And vary'd to a gloomy Azure :
 At Knees they're almost grown Thread-bare,
 (Worn out by oft' repeated Pray'r)
 Nay ev'ry Part needs some Repair.---
 Each Stocking, black as Negro once was,
 Or e'en the Wool that on his Sconce grows ;
 Whose inky Hue so near ally'd to,
 Saves washing oft'---Dirt best can hide too ;
 Yet, their Complexion too felt change has !
 And scabbed Looks like Cur that Mange has ;
 They've never yet the Landry's Rub borne,
 In pique whereat the Feet grow stubborn ;

† *Tyrian* Dye—a most beautiful Purple.

C

And

And tho' I coax 'em to good Humour,
 They round the Ankle form a Tumour,
 And threaten ne'er to dwell in Shoe more.---
 Inveterate, vile, ungen'rous Hofs !
 Thus to forsake my friendly Toes,
 And their Distress regard no more,
 Than Beadle does the Carted-Whore.
 Tho' Fortune frown, I'll not despair,
 She varies oft'---may look more fair ;
 In spite of Her *They* keep the Field,
 Who buckle on firm Virtue's Shield ;
 ‡ Defy the Malice of Her Blows
 When nervous Virtue does oppose.
 I once more cry you mercy Friend,
 Digression shall no more offend,
 Nor draw Conclusions 'till the End.
 Two Shoes I have, tho' not a Pair !
 Of diff'rent Tenets you may swear,
 For one Toe's round, and t'other's square ;
 Their hinder Parts confirm 'tis so,
 For one Heel's high, and t'other's low :
 A Mixture, one of Wood and Leather,
 That dwell familiarly together ;
 The other made of Hide alone,
 Yet scorns to truck to th'Wooden One ;

‡ ——— *Fortunaque perdat*
Opposita Virtute, minas ———

[III]

For tho' it sprung from lofty'st Tree;
 Can boast as good a Pedigree;
 Thus daily they fall out and jarr,
 And Indian-like wage constant War:
 They're emblematic Whig and Tory,
 And thus Friend I conclude my Story.----
 But now I muster Recollection,
 To finish thus were Imperfection;
 The Piece to Promise wou'd not answer,
 For I've omitted the main Chance here;
 An ampler Field to work upon,
 Than any Geer we doff or don;
 I'd e'en forgot what wraps my Skin in,
 And never once remember'd Linen:
 Sure to forget one's nearest Friend,
 To black Ingratitude doth tend,
 And that's a viler Crime by far,
 Than Numbers sentenc'd at the Bar;
 For He that is possesst of it,
 § Wou'd doubtless all the rest commit;
 I'll trace it only one Step further,
 'Tis capable of even Murther.----
 My Shirts and their Adherents, Stocks,
 Are only fit for th' Tinder-Box,
 Or *Moll* to take to th' Paper-Mill,
 Where Learning may shrewd Volumes fill;

From whence a Folio may arise,
 (If Stuff enough to form that Size)
 Revealing occult Myſteries !
 With Epigrams, and ſoft Love-Letters,
 Smart Eſſays too, and tickling Satires,
 Continual railing at their Betters ;
 Contemning Dainties that indulge 'em,
 And vicious Luxury promulge 'em ;
 Juſt like the Fox i'th' Vineyard, cry,
 They're vilely ſour, becauſe too high :
 For what they cannot reach to gripe at,
 They ſeldom fail to have a Wipe at,
 And when they're challeng'd with Abufe,
 Then, hobbles in this lame Excuse ;
 When Wiſhes will not take their Places,
 Philoſophy muſt fill the Spaces.-----
 My Inventory now is finiſh'd,
 I've neither added nor diminifh'd,
 Study'd to heighten or debase,
 But told in ſimple Truth my Caſe ;
 From whence it plainly doth appear,
 That Things will grow the worſe for Wear ;
 And undergo ſtrange Alteration,
 E'en ſome to † Tranſubſtantiation.
 A moral Meaning we may ſtate here,
 True Emblems of decaying Nature ;

† Tranſubſtantiation, only means here, changing into another Subſtance, as Linnen
 Rags are converted into Paper by the Office of the Mill, &c. For

For you and I Friend, by Degrees,
 Must wither and decay like these ;
 Not Houses, Lands, e'en *Cræsus*' Store !
 When Death pays Vifit at the Door,
 Can Life prolong one fingle Hour :
 Then let us keep perpetual Watch,
 And Time by th' Forelock ftrive to catch ;
 For once paff by, 'twill be too late,
 He's bald behind, no hold we'll get ;
 Thus wifely do the Poet's draw Him,
 (Tho' never yet was one that faw Him)
 From Fancy oft' we gather more,
 Than real Objects to explore ;
 Instructive Lessons we may find
 In all the mythologic' Kind,
 For Fables were as fuch defign'd :
 The Authors were compell'd per Force,
 To make Irrationals difcourfe ;
 And oft' a Proverb of *Old Greece*
 Escapes from moralizing Geefe,
 And now and then a Phrafe of *Latin*,
 From Mouth of learned Afs comes pat in ;
 Sometimes, a Thefis of Religion,
 Is argued o'er 'tween Duck and ^xWidgeon ;
 Then Rats and Cats, or Dogs and Mice,
 Shall folve you Problems in a Trice ;

Skill'd deeply in Chronology
 As Doctors in Dofology,
 Or *Grubstreet* Bards Tautology :
 Can tell you when each Emp'ror reign'd,
 When first the Sabbath was profan'd ;
 And be as punctual to the Day,
 As Creditors that want their Pay :
 In short there's neither Art or Science,
 With which they hold not some Affiance ;
 By nice Criterion can descry
 If this be Truth, and that a Lye,
 And any knotty Point untie :
 With equal Ease can set loud Duns off,
 As *Swiss* † Practitioners let Guns off ;
 And plead if Poverty besiege 'em,
Necessitas non habet Legem ;
 Tho' *Tactus Spiritu Divino*,
 He cannot pay who has no Rhino ;
 A Maxim that was held *lang Syne-o*.
 These, and ten thousand other Arts,
 Are us'd by Birds and Beasts of Parts ;
 They caught 'em from their gracious Masters,
 And humbly imitate their Pastors :
 Hence may we learn the World's Deceits,
 And find that all Mankind are Cheats ;

† The *Swiss* are train'd to Military Exercise almost from their Cradle.

In this Shape one, in that another,
 Still Brother persecuting Brother :
 Yet such a Bustle some Folk keep,
 No seeming Time to eat or sleep !
 What with the Bus'ness of the Day ;
 And calculated Hours to pray ;
 You'd swear, like ‡ *That* which varies Dyes,
 They liv'd on Air, or wand'ring Flies ;
 If you believe themselves they'll tell ye,
 To feed the Soul they starve the Belly ;
 Continual poring over Books,
 Whoe'er comes in, full well it looks ;
 And gets the Name of Orthodox :
 Conversant quite with all Persuasions,
 Can Scripture quote on all Occasions ;
 Yet know as much reveal'd Religion,
 As Birds that roam the airy Region ;
 And can as well define Devotion,
 As th' Inhabitants o'th' Ocean ;
 And all the diff'rent Forms of Pray'r,
 As *Asian* Wolf, or *Russian* Bear :
 I do not say that all are so,
 Made up of meer external Shew ;
 For then, there'd be no Call for Teachers,
 We e'en might hang up all our Preachers ;

‡ The Cameleon, which is reported by some to live, or feed, on Air alone ; but
 others that have enquir'd more strictly in Nature, affirm, they feed on Flies ; Numbers
 of those Insects having been found in them. But

But those that do to most pretend,
 We often find know least i'th' End.----
 Well !---shall we march, and leave Religion ?
 Or shall we carry still the Siege on ?
 I think 'twere wiser far to tramp,
 Whilst Ammunition's in the Camp ;
 For then with Honour we retreat,
 And run no Risque of a Defeat ;
 All prudent Gen'als manage so,
 Know when to *give*, and *ward* the Blow.----

But now Friend let me close peruse
 Your last Epistle---see what News !
 For now I'm got i'th' scribbling Vein,
 I'll answer ev'ry single Strain ;
 For ev'ry *Why*, and ev'ry *Wherefore*,
 I shall return you *Thus*, and *Therefore* :
 (For when the § *Cacoethes* seizes
 The Fool must write, or there no Ease is)
 So prythee stand upon your Guard,
 I'th' prop'rest Posture well to ward ;
 Or I shall cudgel you most soundly,
 So mark me well I tell you roundly ;
 I'm not so great a Wit 'tis plain,
 But still some Mem'ry I retain,
 My last of Letters you made Sport of,
 And said I'd cut Things mighty short off ;

§ *Cacoethes Scribendi* ; a dire Disease, or foolish Itch to write Volumes without the
 least Genius. Compar'd

Compar'd it to a crop-ear'd Pug,
That Bow-wows twice and then lies snug :
Stand clear my Friend, and now have at Thee,
For (in the Western Tongue) I'ze Swat Thee.-----

There are some Out-lines in your Letter,
I'd have your next explain 'em better ;
The Form at present shews not clear,
Lay Colours on and make't appear ;
But if I hap' to guess aright
(Confid'ring neither Shade nor Light)
'Tis Atheist you seem to sketch ! ---
I cannot think there's such a Wretch ;
Or that Friend ROBERT wou'd incline
To doubt an Author all Divine ;
Each Work o'th' Earth i'th' Air and Sea,
Confirms there is a Deity ;
View but an Anatomic' Plan !
The very Structure of vain Man
Will plainly prove a Pow'r supreme
Was th' Architect o'th' wond'rous Frame !
What strange Belief some Christians have !
More *Pagan* than the *Indian* Slave !
Cou'd Atoms into Order dance !
And all the World be form'd by Chance ?
O vile, prepost'rous, absurd Notion !
Keen-mowing Scythe of all Devotion :

Bid honest BOB but look i'th' Glass,
 And there behold His pretty Face !
 And then demand the stubborn *Stultus*,
 If *Chance* form'd that *Symmetria Vultus* ?
 What can He urge in His Defence ?
 He's surely retrograde in Sense ;
 No Fellow with an Ounce of Brain
 Such horrid Doctrine wou'd maintain ;
 His † *Cerebrum* is touch'd most sure,
 Nor is the ‡ *Cerebellum* pure ;
 Such Notions ne'er cou'd fill His Pate !
 If either were in perfect State :
 With Credit giv'n to your Assertion,
 I'll hourly pray for His Conversion ;
 That Reason may resume her Seat,
 And Sceptre snap of Folly's State ;
 That she alone unrival'd reign,
 And banish ev'ry Thought that's vain:
 That Light may dawn, dark Clouds unfold,
 And BOB the God of Truth behold,
 Effulgent on His Throne of Grace !
 With radiant Mercy in His Face !
 Ready to pardon and espouse
 The Wretch who with Repentance glows ;

† *Cerebrum*, is the Chief or Fore part of the Brain, where the Animal Spirits are said to generate all deep laid Machinations, &c.

‡ *Cerebellum*, is the hinder, or lesser Part of the Brain, where trivial Actions only are said to be conceiv'd.

It, the foul Bosom purges clean
 From Sin, as it had never been ;
 With Joy each former Fault's forgiv'n,
 And the converted Soul gains Heav'n.
 My self I flatter with the Pleasure
 You'll answer me your first of Leisure ;
 I'd rather hear you're high in Health,
 Than hundreds of new-fall'n Wealth ;
 For you had full enough before
 'Gainst Poverty to shut the Door,
 Had I as much I'd ask no more :
 But Fortune has of late been cruel,
 And Fuel still has heap'd on Fuel,
 And fed the Flame of Need so high,
 That Purse, and almost Hope's drawn dry :
 § Yet ought we struggle 'gainst the Stream,
 And whilst the Bladder Hope holds, swim ;
 For that once burst, good Night may call,
 Dance, Play, and Farce, are over all ;
 The Curtain drops at warning Bell,
 And what succeeds no Man can tell.----
 Then squander not, retrench betimes,
 For Poverty's the worst of Crimes ;
 The most unpardonable here,
 And feels the Lash of Law severe ;

}

§ *Providentia Dei omnia gubernantur ; & quæ putatur Pœna, Medicina est.*

Meets

Meets Contumely and Disgrace,
 With Curses open to its Face,
 From those which term'd each Fault a Grace.
 Friends, Store you'll find, whilst Fortune smiles,
 But if by Chance the Slut beguiles,
 They'll skip like Hail from off Pan-Tiles.
 I once had Views I often dream of,
 And Joys departed hear the Scream of ;
 Their Apparitions will appear,
 And dying Groans invade my Ear ;
 They bring to Mind a num'rous Train
 Of Objects that alarm my Brain ;
 The hideous Spectres oft' infest,
 And steal the Quiet from my Breast. ---
 But-----*Nemo sine Cruce Beatus*-----
 There's Comfort still tho' Fortune hate us.
 Once, lull'd in Fortune's Lap I lay,
 Receiv'd kind Welcome each new Day ;
 Those happy Hours are fled away :
 Those Faces that were wont to hail
 My Rising, now have turn'd the Tail,
 'Cause Seedy grown as any Melon,
 Unnotic'd now as Convict-Felon
 Remains Your Humble HAL MACLELLAN.

The RAPTUR'D LOVER.

JOYFUL I must ever be,
 Whilst my Lassy I careſs;
 Whilst her lovely Form I ſee,
 Loſt I am in rapt'rous Gaze:

No corroding Cares moleſt,
 Whilst her vital Warmth I feel;
 Gently leaning on her Breſt,
 All my Senſes fondly reel.

Busy Thoughts no Entrance find,
 Love alone the Manſion fills;
 Love the Calmer of the Mind,
 Love the Curer of all Ills:

Love the Blis of Mortals here,
 And the Seat of Blis above;
 Love the moſt harmonious Sphere,
 Saints and Angels live in Love.

On firſt ſeeing *CÆLIA*.

WITH leſs Surprize ſure *Adam* gaz'd
 When *Eve*'s delightful Form was rais'd!
 Or *Paris*, when in naked Strife
 Stood *Venus*, *Pallas*, and *Jove*'s Wife:

The *Royal Swain* on Beauties gazing,
Thine had He seen, Thine, more amazing !
† *Cytherea* had not gain'd the Prize,
But yielding to thy brighter Eyes !
The Boy had deign'd to *Thee* the Fruit
Of Gold, and ended the Dispute.

† One of the Names of *Venus*.

To *CÆLIA* at Her TOILET.

MISTAKEN¹ Art ! can'st Thou pretend
The Work of Nature to amend
Where she's employ'd Her utmost Skill ?
The nat'ral Beauties of the Maid
Are weaken'd by thy fancy'd Aid,
And lose their wonted Force to kill.

To *CÆLIA* when at CHURCH.

O Matre pulchra, Filia pulchrrior.

HOR.

C*ÆLIA* veil that piercing Eye !
Destructive to each Stander-by ;
Each Glance from it's a bearded Dart,
That swiftly flies and wounds each Heart :

Take

Take Pity *here* thou murd'ring Fair,
 And slay not in the *House* of *Pray'r* ;
 At *Play*, *Assembly*, take thy Fill,
 Sure *Six Days* are enou' to kill ;
 The *hallow'd Seventh* shou'd be free,
 And all Things rest, as likewise Thee.----
 Since none there are can grant a Patent,
 To work i'th' *House*, i'th' *Field*, or a *Tent*
 That Day, thy Charms shou'd lie quite latent.
 If to rob Thou hadst a Privilege,
 Consider, in a *Church* 'tis *Sacrilege* !
 Impropr'est Place to think of stealing,
 And sure if Thou hast any Feeling,
 So sure Thou'lt blush at the revealing----
 A shameful Story for to tell on,
 That e'en in *Church* Thou play'st the Felon !
 And stealing Hearts, neglects thy Duty
 To the great Donor of thy Beauty ;
 Nor in that Place can'st Thou expect
 Thy Charms shou'd meet a due Respect,
 For we must *Heav'n* or *Thee* neglect :
 It is impossible that We
 Can serve at once both *Heav'n* and *Thee* ;
 And therefore for to keep us Holy,
 One Day conceal that Monopoly
 Of Beauties from us full and wholly.

An E P I T A P H

On *WILLIAM HALL*, a Blacksmith,

acoe thes — Who being seiz'd with the ^XCacoethis Scribendi, grew too idle to work, so commenc'd POET; and having spun out some few Months (almost half-starv'd) in that exalted Station, was, passing along the Street, one windy Day, kill'd by the accidental Fall of a Chimney.

HERE lie interr'd 'till Doomsday's Call,
The sole Remains of *WILLIAM HALL*;

A single Life shrewd *WILLIAM* chose,
For Man and Wife are often Foes;
In Marriage therefore He'd ne'er enter,
He swore it was a rash Adventure;
The secret Fear of wearing Horn too,
(As no Man knows what Fate He's born to)
Made him resolve no Spouse to own,
Dependent on himself alone;
To banish all domestic' Strife,
elibac He led a Celebatic' Life:

As *Blacksmith* once employ'd his Time,
But fond of *Ease*, and fond of *Rhyme*,
Declines the *Horse-shoe* Trade, and chuses
To serve as *Journeyman* the *Muses*;
(Twere needless *Both* Hands to employ,
When *One* can all our Wants supply,
The huge *Sledge-Hammer* well to brandish,
Graves Aid from *Two*---*One* sways a *Standish*.)

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to rival POPE or GRANVILLE !
 Takes up the *Pen*, and quits the *Anvil* :
 But there, *alas !* He *Hammers* more
 By far than He had done before ;
 And on He might have *Hammer'd* still,
 Had not *Death's Hammer Hammer'd WILL*'.

A H Y M N,

In Imitation of the Canticle---*Omnia Opera Domini
 Benedicite.*

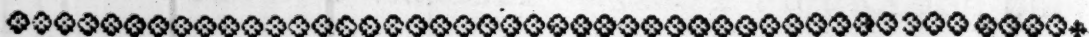
MY Soul assist my Voice to raise,
 And tune it to thy *Maker's* Praise ;
 Ye Elements with one Accord,
 Sing Praise unto your bounteous Lord ;
 Let Flocks, and Herds, in Concert join,
 And feather'd Songsters all combine ;
 Assist ye Winds the glorious Cause,
 And lofty Cedars wave Applause ;
 Let *Lebanon's* aspiring Train
 With humblest Homage hail His Reign ;
 Ye Nations of the creeping Throng,
 Join Chorus in the grateful Song ;
 Let ev'ry Stream and purling Rill,
 Each Hill and Dale with Praises fill ;

G

Let

Let Ocean raise its rougher Voice,
And the whole finny Tribe rejoice ;
Let all who hope to grace His Throne,
Sing Praise to Him, and Him alone ;
Hail mighty *Three*, thou *Sovereign One*.

}



The W I S H.

Non Ebur neque Aureum

Mea renidet in domo lacunar : HOR.

“ **G**RANT me ye Powers but this Request,
And let who will the World contest”
A mod’rate Fortune, just to keep
† The Wolf from Door, and some few Sheep ;
A well-fenc’d Hut to hide my Head in,
With second Room to put a Bed in ;
Good honest Thatch instead o’Tile on’t,
And Parish Church within a Mile on’t ;
A well-bred Spouse, of mildest Nature,
Of midling Birth, and midling Stature ;
A Cellar stor’d with wholesome Liquor,
To treat a Friend, or hearty Vicar ;
With *Butler*, *Pope*, or *Swift*, to dip in,
Amidst our Intervals of Sipping ;
Thus happy and contented, I
“ Near some smooth Stream” cou’d live and die.

† A Term for keeping free from Duns.

On

On C H A R I T Y.

Blessed are the Merciful, for they shall obtain Mercy.
St. Matthew, Chap. v, Ver. 7.

O F all the social Virtues Men esteem
 Sure *Heav'n-born Charity's* the worthiest Theme;
 'Tis certain form'd upon the *noblest* Plan,
 Exalts the *Fair*, and dignifies the *Man* :
 How *beauteous* does the *female* Face appear,
 When *soft-ey'd Pity* steals the trickling Tear !
 How *graceful* too the *manly* Form's express'd !
 When touch'd with *Pity* heaves the *manly* Breast.---
 The learned *Saint Augustine* us'd to say,
 " That *Charity* it self doth over pay,"
 " ‡ That other Virtues have their contrary" }
 'Tis *Charity* alone can *Deify*,
 Make *Mortals* with *Immortals* seem to vie :
Cherubic Blessing ! Attribute *divine* !
 An Off'ring, worthy, *Heaven's* sacred Shrine.----
 When *Widows* mourn, and tender *Orphans* cry,
 'Tis Just to Give, 'twere Baseness to Deny,
 Refuse a *Pittance* of the *large-giv'n* Sum !
 A *Feather* to the *Donor* of the *Plume*.---
 Sure, to be mild, and hospitably kind,
 Shews *Strength* of *Soul*, and *Nobleness* of *Mind* :

‡ *Habere omnia Sacramenta, & Malus esse potest: habere autem Charitatem, & Malus esse non potest.* Those,

Those, who the *Needy*, and the *Sick* cares,
 Kind *Providence* will lend its Hand to bless,
 Show'r Plenty down, and eagerly requite
 With ten-fold Interest, each given Mite :
 Actions like these, on soaring Pinions fly,
 On *Fame's* expanded Wings they reach the Sky !
 The *Winds* too, bear 'em o'er the fleeting Waves,
 Where e'er *Leviathan* his Bosom laves ;
 Where *Monarch* reigns, or *Potentate* presides,
 Where *Oceans* roll, or *Rivers* hurl their Tides ;
 Each distant Realm with *Britain's* Virtue rings,
Britain the Envy of all *Europe's* Kings ;
 All *Albion's* Shores *Britannia's* Sons resound !
Britannia's Sons, for *Charity* renown'd:
 Nor less in Rank appear the *British* Fair,
 " Who make the Welfare of the *Poor* their Care." --
 To feed the *Famish'd*, and the *Maim'd* to heal,
 What higher Joy can *human* Bosoms feel ?
 Each feeble Wretch, shall from his Pillow raise
 His sickly Head, and sigh Your Virtue's Praise ;
 Then, lift his Hands, and, with imploring Eye !
 Beseech that *Power* who rules above the Sky,
 To guide, and bring Ye to a *blest Eternity*.
 How *glorious* this ! How *lovely* ! How *august* !
 How tempting to deserve, how *nobly Just*.---
 Ye gen'rous *Patrons* of the deep Distrest,
 Go on---pursue---still blessing, to be blest :

What

What Ye deposite now, is *lent*, not *giv'n*,
 'Tis lent on *Earth*, to be repaid in *Heav'n*.
 Long may Ye live, and ev'ry Hour be crown'd
 With smiling *Plenty* in continual Round ;
 Sweet Slumbers on Your peaceful Pillows wait,
 A Gift beyond poor pompous gaudy State ;
 'Wake to new Joys, each Morn' new Pleasures prove,
 'Rise to be happy, to be lov'd, and love :
 And when the great *Proprietor* of all,
 Shall from this *Vale* of *Sorrow* give Ye *Call*,
 Th' *angelic' Host* will wing Ye on Your Way,
 Unto the *Seat* of *Bliss* Your *Souls* convey,
 To Joys unutterable-----*Endless Day*.

On C O N T E N T.

*Æquam memento, rebus in Arduis,
 Servare mentem ; non secus ac bonis,
 Ab insolenti temperatam
 Lætitia.-----*

HOR.

CONTENT ! thou balmy Elixir of Life !
 Inestimable, salutary Cordial !
 By all *desir'd*, by few or none *possess'd* ;
 Not having single *Thee*, they want the *Whole*,
 Remain at very best a headless Trunk.

H

Most,

Most, by vain Search in a mistaken Road,
 Chearless return, with Woes accumulated,
 By sad Experience taught their Error.

Fallacious Good ! oft' seeming in our Reach,
 When farthest distant, and eludes our Grasp :
 Thou unfixt Wand'rer puzzling in the Search.

By heaping Trash, some think to gain the
 Dear-desir'd Visitant, (foolish Conjecture)
 But thou art distant still as Pole from Pole,
 Not to be found with pompous Pageantry,
 Or gain'd by Gold, corrosive Evil.
 I'd, if possess'd of thee, thou Compound rare !
 Not vend a single Grain for *Craesus'* Wealth.

Man, vain Man ! tho' pregnant with *Mountain*
Hopes,

Is oft' with Pain deliver'd of a *Draw* ;
 And they, who think to 'lure by vitious Pomp
 This shy Visitant, shall to their Sorrow find,
 The very Bait they lay, will prove the Scare-Crow.

CONTENT ! and *balmy Sleep !* inseparable Twain !
 Yoak-mates sincere ! sure Aliens to *Court----*
 'Tis not *Titles, Equipage and Splendour,*
Pow'r, Precedence, or all the gaudy Train
 Of venal Grandeur (dire Possessions) that
 Ye delight in ; but distantly remote
 From Palaces and State (bad Eminence)
 Reside in *Cottage* humble and obscure.

CONTENT !

CONTENT ! thou not to be purchas'd Blessing !
 Heart-easing Med'cine---Celestial Potion !
 If there *be* sublunary Bliss, 'tis *Thee*
 With Dove-like-Softness steals into the Soul,
 Making All joyful Harmony within :
 Devoid of *Thee* our great PROGENITOR fell,
 Disatisfy'd 'midst *Plenty* ! tir'd with *Ease* !
 Grew a forlorn *Wand'rer*, expell'd his *Eden* ;
 Laden with Shame, quitting the *blest Abode*,
 Did naked Penance, trembling at his Crime :
 The Curse (hereditary Ill) entail'd
 Upon his Seed, debars Felicity,
 And makes *Mankind* inevitably wretched.

Long live † AUGUSTUS ! and thy State maintain
 If thou approv'st, I envy not thy Fate ;
 No more I'll wait thy Beck', or fear thy Frown ;
 Or Smile, or corrugate thy Brow, 'tis equal :
 No longer make vain Court' to thee with Suit
 Unheeded ; for none but POWER-DIVINE
 Can grant *my ample Boon*, CONTENT I crave.

† The Author's once-kind Patron.

On RURAL SIMPLICITY.

O Rus quando te iterum visurus ?

LONDINA's Dames no more can please
 The Man, who harmless and at Ease,
 In rural Cott' with Plenty crown'd,
 Laughs at their restless giddy Round ;

Beholds

Beholds the Nymph in native Dress,
Like fair *Arcadian* Shepherdess !
Whose Blood flows briskly thro' her Veins,
Free from hereditary Pains ;
Whose Ancestors, with gentle Pace,
Met good old Age, with ruddy Face ;
No Racks, or Rheums, or aching Shins,
Occasion'd by their former Sins.
Bed gain'd betimes, and early quitted,
Makes ev'ry Joint the stronger knitted.
'Tis Exercise dilutes the Blood,
Keeps Nature in a merry Mood,
Each Nerve tight-brac'd ; constant in Use,
Grow strong the Fibres and the Sinews.----

The Cottage Nymph with rosy Cheek,
Who spends in Bus'ness all the Week ;
When *Sunday* comes, that Day of Rest,
(Fixt Holyday for Man and Beast)
She dresses neat, in gay Attire,
Not with Intent to raise Desire,
Or make a gaping Crowd admire !
But thinks in Rev'ence to the Day,
Her Garb shou'd be more neat and gay
Than busy ones require : In haste
She finishes her Head and Waist,
The Parish Bells have almost done,
And Church far off, the Nymph must run ;

+ Nymph

Then

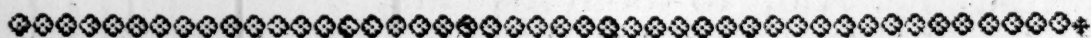
Then snatching Fan and Prayer-Book,
 In haste the Threshold is forsook,
 And o'er the Lawn she trips away,
 Brisk as the Lady of the *May*;
 Her pretty Limbs ascend the Stile,
 And reach with Speed the distant Mile:
 With slower Pace the Nymph returns,
 Young *Corydon* (whose Bosom burns
 With pleasing Fire) attends the Fair;
 In gentle Wispers fills her Ear
 With Tales of Love; 'twixt Hope and Fear
 Invokes her Aid, to sooth his Pain,
 Restore his Peace of Mind again,
 And pity her desponding Swain.

Now Sol's severe Meridian Ray
 Darts fiercely down, the Heat of Day
 Extream, too potent for the Blood,
 Requires the Shelter of the Wood;
 Nimble they trip along the Glade,
 To some kind *Elm* or *Poplar's* Shade,
 Where *Phœbus* no Admittance finds,
 Nor envious Blasts of blust'ring Winds
 Molest the happy Pair; Serene!
 As were those + Groves the *Cyprian Queen*
 Enjoy'd her lovely *Huntsman* in.
 Fatigu'd, upon the yielding Grass,
 Down sits the Lad and willing Lass,

I
 + *Idalia's* Groves.

Thus

Thus shelter'd from the Mid-day Heat,
 Enjoy the pleasing cool Retreat ;
 She hears, believes, nor doubts the Swain
 Whilst he relates his am'rous Pain,
 But sighs at ev'ry Close-----
 Credits his thousand thousand Loves,
 Looks kind---and his fond Tale approves :
 No more can she the Youth deny,
 Cry--Pshaw--away--nay Pr'ythee--Fie !
 Her Fear dispels, now quits her Pride,
 And Love-taught *Phyllis* blooms a Bride.



A HYMN of THANKSGIVING to the DEITY,

On the unexpected Recovery of a dear FRIEND from
 a late most dangerous Illness.

HAIL mighty Lord of Peace and Love,
 Thy Goodness all adore ;
 All Folk on Earth, all Saints above ;
 Shall praise Thee evermore.

Thy Name in Mouth of Mortals still
 Throughout the Globe shall ring,
 Thy Praise resound from ev'ry Hill,
 Thy Praise, O *Sion's* King.

Who,

Who, when grim Death drew near to seize,
 And grasp our Brother's Heart ;
 Didst by thy Nod create his Ease,
 And made Life's Foe depart,

Whilst our uncertain Years endure,
 Thy Praise we'll daily sing ;
 Thou kept thy Servant Lord secure,
 Beneath thy hallow'd Wing.

Without thy Aid ; all, all in vain
 Doth Med'cine Power assert ;
 'Tis Thee alone can banish Pain,
 And raise th'enfeebled Heart,

Accept dear Lord our Thanks sincere,
 For saving of our Friend,
 To succour Thou art ever near,
 Who on thy Grace depend.

Preserve him from Diseases dire,
 From Malice too of Foes ;
 From all that jointly wou'd conspire,
 His Welfare to oppose.

Protect him Lord, prolong his Date,
 Continue still to save ;
 For Thou hast snatch'd him once from Fate,
 And baulk'd the gaping Grave.

Death

Thy just Pow'r to bend the Bow,
 Not the Shaft emit;
 Thy holy Will ordain'd it so,
 He aim'd, but might not hit.

These are kind Lessons Lord most sure,
 To fav'rite Children giv'n;
 Which whisp'ring tell the Soul's secure,
 And make her thirst for Heav'n.

Thy Mercy Lord with chearful Voice,
 We loudly will proclaim;
 And each new Morn' will we rejoice,
 In Hymning of thy Name.

Thy loving Kindness without End,
 Shall still recorded be;
 Thou'lt sav'd from Death our darling Friend,
 Thanks to thy Majesty.

O grant his new-enliven'd Soul
 Pursue thy holy Way;
 Each stubborn Passion meet controul,
 And then he cannot stray.

But chearfully in Virtue's Road,
 Find Footing firm and sure;
 There Hymn eternally his God,
 Whilst Life and Soul endure.